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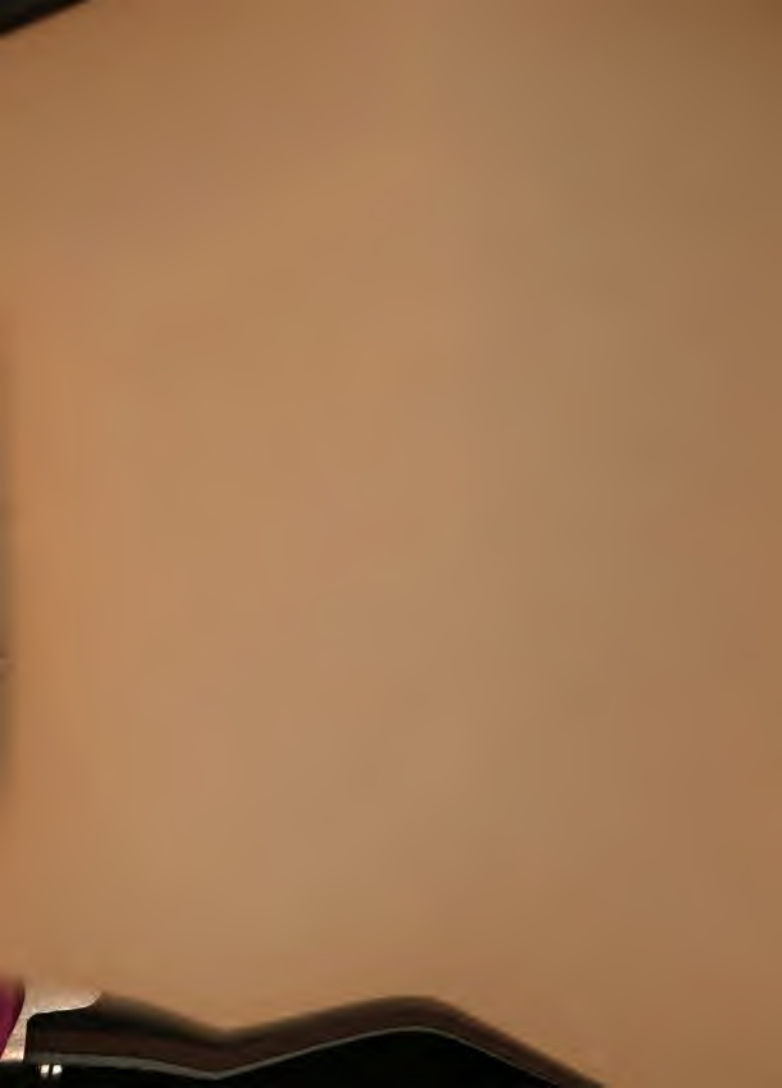

EXOTICS:

ATTEMPTS TO DOMESTICATE THEM.

BY

J. F. C. AND L. C.

"EXOTIC, *n.* A plant, shrub, or tree, not native; a plant introduced from a foreign country." — *Webster.*

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" *Cœlum, non animam, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*"

THESE poems, visitors from other climes,
Between whose homes and ours an ocean rolls,
Have changed their language, metre, rhythm, rhymes ;
But — let us hope — they have not changed their souls.

PREFACE.

MOST poetical translations resemble the reverse side of a piece of Gobelin tapestry. The figures and colors are there, but the charm is wanting.

But what is the use of making a translation at all, unless you can infuse into it some of that element which makes the original poem immortal? If the essential spirit, which is the attraction in it, has evaporated, of what advantage is the residuum? You present us with an English version of an ode of Horace or a song of Goethe; and we can only say, "If this were all, Horace and Goethe would not be remembered ten years. Why is it, then, that they are immortal?"

The reason why we who translate are not aware of our own failures is perhaps this, — that we are so enchanted with the original poem that we associate this pleasure with our own version. A translator

does not see the baldness and prosaic character of his work, because every word suggests to him the beauty which it is meant to represent. So a person travelling through picturesque scenery sometimes makes rude sketches of what he sees, which convey to others no idea of the landscape; but to him they are associated with the light, the color, the perspective, the ineffable charm of nature, and so are valuable to him as souvenirs of the scene.

A successful translation must produce in the reader unacquainted with the original the same sort of feeling which *that* conveys. The ideal of a translation would be one which, if the original were lost, would remain forever as immortal. Without any thought of it as a translation, it should give us so much pleasure in itself as to live a life of its own in literature. Is this impossible? We have some examples to prove that it can be done.

Perhaps, of all authors, Horace is the most difficult to render into a modern language. If you translate him literally, the whole life of the ode is gone. If you give a free version, hoping to retain this vitality, you lose the classic, sharp-cut, and concise expression, where each word has the beauty and value of a gem; and you offer us a pleasant poem, belonging to the modern romantic school of literature. Yet

even Horace has been sometimes adequately translated. The following lines in Dryden's version of Book III. carmen 29, which is justly said by Theodore Martin to be finer than the original, shows how a great poet can re-create in another language the best life of his author. It has all the energy, conciseness, and perfect expression of the original, with even more of freedom and fire.

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
'To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour!'"

The rest of the translation is almost or quite as fine as this. It has a grander swell and more freedom of movement than the original, while it faithfully reproduces the thought, the tone, and the spirit of the Horatian ode.

Dryden was a great poet; but men of less genius than he have sometimes met with success in translating Horace. Take, as an example, Professor Conington's version of Book I. carmen 24, "Quis desi-

derio." The first few lines are not equal to Horace; but those which follow certainly partake of the quality of the original.

"And sleeps he then the heavy sleep of death,
Quintilius? Piety, twin sister dear
Of Justice! naked Truth! unsullied Faith!
When will ye find his peer?
By many a good man wept, Quintilius dies;
By none than you, my Virgil, trulier wept."

The genuine sense of the translator appears in the turn given to the last line in the word "trulier." The same comparative appears in the original, in a different word, "flebilior," —

"Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili."

But the same effect is produced by "trulier," in English, which is conveyed by "flebilior" in the Latin. This is a touch of genius.

A poem is often like a gem. An ode of Horace or a song of Goethe has a flash like that which comes from the sharp facet of a diamond. Simply to render the thought is only to imitate the chemist, whose analysis transforms the diamond into charcoal. In English prose the magic of Horace and Goethe disappear. But in another class of poems, where

the interest centres in the spirit, thought, and imagery, a prose version is often the best. After all the attempts made upon Homer and Dante, the most faithful prose is perhaps that which brings us nearest to these majestic authors.

A *portrait* is really a translation. It is an attempt at translating a human being into another language, — from life to art. Most portraits are therefore failures, and have little interest, except to those who are familiar with the original. But he who has seen portraits by the great masters — by Rubens and Titian, by Rembrandt and Vandyke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough — is astonished to find these paintings as interesting as the ideal works of Raffaelle or Correggio. Those masters were able to penetrate into the depths of the soul, and they gave on their immortal canvas the concentrated history of a human life. That which was deepest in the man, his quintessential spirit, is here fully explained to us. As it takes the great master to paint a perfect portrait, so it takes the great poet to perfectly translate a poem.

The best poetical translations are usually made by those who are poets themselves. Coleridge, in his Wallenstein, was able to introduce Schiller worthily to English readers. Some passages in the version surpass the original. I think there is nothing in the

German play quite as good as those lines in which Wallenstein laments the death of Max, which close thus: —

> "For O, he stood beside me like my youth,
> Transformed for me the Real into a dream,
> Clothing the palpable and the familiar
> With golden exhalations of the dawn.
> Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
> The *Beautiful* is vanished, and returns not."

When Dryden, Coleridge, Shelley, render a foreign poet into their own language, the stranger has received his naturalization-papers, and becomes henceforth a citizen of the English Parnassus. He has obtained the freedom of the city.

A test question to decide the success or failure of a translation might be this, "Can you recite your version aloud, in the presence of men of taste, so as to give them real pleasure?" If the poem is worth repeating aloud for its own sake, and gives satisfaction, — that is enough.

The difficulty of rendering German lyrical poetry into English is not so great as that of making adequate versions from Greek or Latin authors. These modern languages are sisterly, and lend each other a hand. Accordingly, we have some excellent Eng-

lish poems, by such translators as Hedge, Furness, Brooks, Dwight, Leland, and others, which deserve to live a life of their own. But there is room for more.

The versions into German out of English poetry are often admirably good. We have seen an excellent one of Poe's "Raven," of which this is the first stanza: —

"Mitternacht war 's, stürmisch, schaurig, als ich müd' und matt und traurig
Ueber manch' ein früh'res Streben hätt' gegrübelt hin und her;
Schlummern — schlafen fast — ich mochte, als mit einem mal es pochte,
Als ob draussen leise pochte, leise pochte irgend wer —
Das wird 's sein, und sonst nicht mehr."

In an old number of Fraser's Magazine there is a rendering into German of Moore's song

"O the days are gone when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove,"

which seems to meet this requisition. Here is a stanza: —

"Ach! die Tage sind hin, als der Schönheitsmacht,
Mein Herz erfuhr,

Als mein Lebenstraum von der Früh' bis zur Nacht
War Liebe nur!
Wohl Hoffnung blüht,
Wohl Tage sieht
Mein Aug, einst mild und rein
Doch stets wird der Liebe Jugendtraum
Das Schönste sein!
Ach! stets wird der Liebe Jugendtraum
Das Schönste sein!"

What Matthew Arnold says of the qualities required to translate Homer may be generalized as a rule for all translation. He demands, first of all, that one "be penetrated by a sense of the qualities of his author." His criticisms on the translations of Homer by Pope, Cowper, Newman, and Chapman are all founded on this primary requisition. Each of them has failed, according to him. Cowper has failed because he has not reproduced the rapidity of Homer; Pope, because he does not give his plainness and directness of language; Chapman, because he loses his plainness and directness of ideas; and Newman, because he does not appreciate the nobleness of his author.

As each of the writers of whose work we have here imported specimens has qualities of his own, we have probably sometimes failed in finding and

reproducing them. We willingly leave to our readers the pleasure of discovering these failures. A French writer says that it is the business of critics to watch authors, not that of authors to watch critics. We therefore fall back on the Horatian valedictory, —

> "Vive: vale! Si quid novisti rectius istis,
> Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum";

which may be thus rendered, —

> "If this book suits you, call yourself our debtor;
> If not, take pains, and give us something better."

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[NOTE. — The translations with the following numbers were made by L. C.: Nos. 11, 15, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 32, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40. The remaining poems were translated by J. F. C.]

EXOTICS.

I.

THE RULE WITH NO EXCEPTIONS.

TELL me, friend, — as you are bidden, —
What is hardest to be hidden?
Fire is hard. The smoke betrays
Its place, by day, — by night, its blaze.
I will tell, as I am bidden, —
FIRE is hardest to be hidden.

I will tell, as I am bidden!
LOVE is hardest to be hidden.
Do your best, you can't conceal it;
Actions, looks, and tones reveal it.
I will tell, as I am bidden, —
LOVE is hardest to be hidden.

I will tell, as I am bidden!
POETRY cannot be hidden.
Fire may smoulder, love be dead;
But a Poem must be read.
Song intoxicates the Poet;
He will sing it, he will show it.

He must show it, he must sing it.
Tell the fellow then to bring it!
Though he knows you can't abide it,
'T is impossible to hide it.
I will tell, as I am bidden, —
POEMS never can be hidden.

II.

THE TWO ANGELS.

TWO blessed gifts from heaven to earth are sent, —
Know'st thou, my heart, each sister-angel's name?
One is calm Friendship, robed in white content;
The other, rosy Love, with heart of flame.

Love 's a brunette: her cheeks with fire are glowing, —
Beauteous as spring, when roses blossom wild.
Friendship is blonde, — a lily softly blowing, —
Or moonlight, in a summer evening mild.

Love is a raging and tumultuous ocean,
Where waves, in thousand forms, leap fast and high.
Friendship, a mountain lake, where no commotion
Breaks the blue image of the solemn sky.

Love darts from heaven like lightning, — Friendship creeps,
A slowly breaking dawn, o'er hill and plain.
Insatiate Love demands, devours, grasps, keeps, —
Friendship gives all, nor asks for aught again.

But happy, three times happy, is the heart
So large that in it both may find a home;
Where Love may come, and Friendship not depart,
And where the Lilies with the Roses bloom.

III.

"BECAUSE."

BECAUSE—every soul
Feels incessant desire
To give to some other
Its fragrance and fire;

Because—all things give,
Below and above,
Their roses or thorns
To that which they love;

Because— May gives music
To murmuring streams,
And Night, to our pains,
Gives nepenthe in dreams;

Because—the sky gives
The bird to the bower,
And morn drops its dew
In the cup of the flower;

"BECAUSE."

Because — when the wave
. Falls asleep on the strand,
It trembles, and gives
A kiss to the land; —

For these reasons, my own,
My heart is inclined
To give thee the best
I have in my mind.

I bring my sad thoughts,
My griefs and my fears;
Take these, as the earth takes
The night's shower of tears.

Of my infinite longing,
Take, dearest, thy part;
Take my light and my shadow,
O child of my heart!

Take the unalloyed trust
Which our intercourse blesses;
And take all my songs,
With their tender caresses.

Take my soul, which moves on
Without sail or oar,
But pointing to thee
As its star evermore.

And take, O my darling,
My precious, my own!
This heart, which would perish,
Its love being gone.

IV.

THE WITCH.

CHILD! attend to what I say;
Do not turn, nor look away.
Roguish eye! you must not wink,
I shall tell you all I think.
Here! Hollo! Don't look away.
Child, attend to what I say!

You 're not homely, that is true!
You 've an eye that 's clear and blue;
Cunning mouth and little nose
Have their merits, I suppose.
Charming is the word to fit it, —
Yes, you 're charming; I admit it.

Charming here and charming there,
But no *empress* anywhere.
No! I cannot quite allow
Beauty's crown would suit your brow.
Charming there and charming here
Do not make a queen, my dear.

For I know a hundred girls,
Brown as berries, fair as pearls,
Each of whom might claim the prize
Given to loveliest lips and eyes, —
Yes, a hundred might go in,
Challenge you, sweet child, and win.

A hundred beauties, did I say?
Why, what a number! Yet there may
A hundred thousand girls combine
To drive thee from this heart of mine;
May try together, try alone, —
My empress they cannot dethrone.

Whence, then, this imperial right
Over me, your own true knight?
Like an empress is your reign
In my heart, for joy or pain;
Death or life, your royal right,
He accepts, — your own true knight.

Roguish lip and roguish eye,
Look at me, and make reply.
Witch! I wish to understand
How I came into your hand.
Look at me and make reply:
Tell me, roguish lip and eye.

Up and down I search to see
The meaning of this mystery.

Tied so tight, by ***nothing***, dear?
Ah! there must be magic here!
Up and down, sweet sorceress, tell!
Where 's your wand, and what 's your spell?

V.

CHANGE OF SEASONS.

ALL seasons we may come to seek
  Where thou, my dear one, art, —
Warm summer on the little cheek,
  Cold winter in the heart.

But all things change; and so, my love,
  These seasons shall depart:
The winter to thy cheek shall move;
  The summer, to thy heart!

VI.

LOVE'S MATINS.

OVER the mountain rises the dawning!
Lambs bleat on the distant plain;
My Darling, my Lamb, my Heaven, my Morning, —
How I long to see thee again!

Upward I look, and faintly I mutter
Farewell, dear child! I 'm going from thee!
— No motion or flutter in curtain or shutter!
She is fast asleep, — is she dreaming of me?

VII.

HOPE DEFERRED.

EACH morn I mutter, self-tormenting,
"Will he come to-day?"
Every night lie down, lamenting,
"He has stayed away!"

All night, only half asleep,
Little rest I take, —
In a dream, all day, I keep
Only half awake!

VIII.

LOVE'S *RÉSUMÉ*.

THE Sun, the Rose, the Lily, the Dove,—
I loved them all, in my early love.
I love them no longer, but her alone,
The Pure, the Tender, the Only, the One.
For she herself, my Queen of Love,
Is Rose, and Lily, and Sun, and Dove!

IX.

BRIDGES AND WINGS.

EACH song I send thee is a bridge,
Built by thy happy lover, —
A golden bridge, by which my love
To thee, sweet child, comes over.

And all my dreams have angel-wings,
Made up of smiles and sighing;
Lighter than air, on which my love
To thee, dear heart, comes flying.

X.

THE TRUE SPRING.

WHEN the hour had come, I must leave thy home,
Saw I nothing of the charm of May;
Knowing this alone, that all joy was gone,
When from thee, from thee, I must away.

Song and perfume sweet in the air did meet,
But they could not touch my heart that day;
Knowing this alone, that all joy was gone,
When from thee, from thee, I must away.

Now I come again, 'mid the winter rain,
Feeling nothing of its bitter sting;
For each sound I hear says the hour is near,
Which to thee, to thee, my steps shall bring.

Though around my form roars the cruel storm,
Tender is its voice as song of spring;
For each sound I hear says the hour is near,
Which to thee, to thee, my steps shall bring.

XI.

WINTER IN SPRING.

I DREAMED that the swallow did build again
Her warm soft nest;
I dreamed that the lark with his joyous strain
The glad earth blessed;
I dreamed that the flowers from earth did start,
In bright sunshine;
And I held thee close to my happy heart,
Forever mine!

In one short night are the sunny hours
By northwinds chilled;
In one short night are the tender flowers
With black frost killed;
And dead forever the hopes so bright
That on me smiled;
Since thou hast forgotten, in one short night,
Thy poor, poor child.

XII.

FROST IN THE HEART.

THE blue, blue violets which I see
Bloom in her eyes so tenderly;
The red, red roses which I seek
To pluck, with kisses, from her cheek;
The cool pale lily-leaves which linger
In the pure whiteness of each finger, —
No winter chill in these appear,
They bloom throughout the rolling year;
December's frosts have done their part,
But only froze my darling's heart.

XIII.

CHILD-PLAY.

MUCH have we felt in our inmost breast,
Yet still were calm and self-possessed.
We played, like children, "Man and Wife,"
With little scolding, quarrel, or strife.
Jested and laughed with merry faces,
Gave and took kisses and embraces;
And once, because we deemed it good,
Played "Hide and Seek" in plain and wood;
But played it so well in wood and plain,
That we never found each other again!

XIV.

THE DIFFICULTY.

ABOUT my Darling's lovely eyes
I 've made no end of verses;
About her precious little mouth,
Songs, which each voice rehearses;
About my darling's little cheek,
I wrote a splendid sonnet;
And, — if she only had a heart, —
I 'd write an ode upon it.

XV.

A FOOLISH QUESTION.

WHY I am not kind to-day?
Why, my friend, what 's this you say?
Pray, can you recall to mind
That I ever have been kind?
But, if it *were* ever so,
'T is forgotten, long ago!
Or, if not forgotten yet,
From this hour I *will* forget!

XVI.

THE CARPENTER.

PUT your hand on my heart, my dear!
In that little chamber you may hear
A cruel carpenter's hammer go,
Making my coffin with every blow.

His hammer pounds by night and day,
It drives my peaceful sleep away;
Do your work, carpenter, soon and strong!
That I may go to sleep erelong.

XVII.

ALAS!

IS that time forgotten? its memory gone
When thy heart was mine, and mine alone
That heart so false, that heart so sweet!
Falser and sweeter could never meet!

And hast thou forgotten the love and the woe
That rent my heart? Is it long ago?
If the love were greater, or greater the woe —
Both were so great, — I can never know.

XVIII.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

WHEN she left me for a while,
Through long months I could not smile;
Sun and smiles had passed away;
When my life had lost its Day.

She came back, — her love was gone!
Tearless then I made no moan.
No more hope, so no more sorrow;
When my life had lost its *Morrow*.

XIX.

EBB AND FLOW.

"EBB and flow, — ebb and flow, —
Slowly rising and sinking slow, —
Why, vast Ocean, movest thou so?"
Asked the maiden, in accents low.

"Gazing upon thy mighty breast,
Why is my spirit so opprest?
Unquiet Ocean, why thine unrest, —
And thy tide, still sweeping from east to west?"

"Ebb and flow, — ebb and flow,"
Answered the Ocean, rolling below;
"I follow wherever the moon may go, —
Follow always, steady and slow.

"Above my billows, with mighty power,
She lifts me high, in a happy hour,
And my waves leap up in sparkle and shower, —
As swells toward the sun the bursting flower.

"I follow her movement, night and day;
When she has gone, I cannot stay;
When she departs, I sink away, —
Sinking from harbor and creek and bay."

Then answered the maiden, "I see! I see!
O Heart of mine, thy mystery!
Thou who dost follow, glad and free,
The star which forever lifteth thee.

"There is ebb and flow in sea and heart,
And our life ebbs out if Love depart;
For an empty heart what joys remain?
Let my monarch come, though he go again!

"Let Love arrive, though Love must go!
Let Heart and Ocean ebb and flow!
Come, cruel pleasure! Come, kindly woe!
For where Love has never been, I know
That life is only death below."

XX.

THE BITTER WAKING.

I SLEPT, dear love; and in my dream was weeping.
I woke. My heart beat hard with cruel fears;
For I had dreamed thou in thy grave wert sleeping,
And so my cheek was wet with foolish tears.

I dreamed another dream that cruel morn,—
O bitter tears! O unavailing sorrow!
For now I thought thy *love* was dead and gone,
And night which falls on love can know no morrow.

I dreamed once more. With love of other years
You loved me. Ah! how sweet that love did seem!
And then I woke,—and faster flowed my tears,
My bitter tears, because it *was* a dream.

XXI.

THE IMPASSABLE GULF.

O WERE it but some wrong our hearts divided!
Or were this gulf between us but a sin!
For Love is grace, and can forgive — provided
It find some answering love the other heart within.

But how can fire burn on in water? How
Can water live with fire in calm consent?
The fatal discord which divides us now
Is like the war of either element.

Follow thy star henceforth, as I shall mine,
In Faith, Thought, Love, diverging, line from line,—
Alas! how changed henceforth those stars shall shine.

Thy voice now sounds to me empty and vain;
My voice is dead to thee, — and we complain,
That we have naught in common but this pain.

XXII.

THE WINE OF LIFE.

THE spring is lovely on the earth and sky,
Because its beauty must so soon go by.

And Love's young dream is sweet because its day
Swifter than spring's first blossoms fades away.

Yet to have loved, though Love has fled, is bliss,
For nothing warms the human heart like this.

Of that glad wine my soul has drunk its fill;
Now the sun sinks, — let night come when it will.

The unknown hours may bring or shade or shine,
The treasure in my heart is always mine.

XXIII.

THE WATER-LILY.

A SILENT water-lily
From the dark lake doth rise;
Her tender snow-white blossom
On the still water lies.

The moon, from highest heaven,
Pours down its golden light;
And all its rays are gathered
Into that blossom bright.

Around that snow-white flower
A singing swan doth float;
It is his dying hour,
It is his dying note.

He pours his soul in music,
His heart must break, ere long:
O flower, — snow-white flower!
Wilt thou not hear the song?

XXIV.

ON THE WATER.

THE valley and the hill are sweet with May,
The soft spring air is softer still, to-day,
The woodland echoes float in evening red;
The earth is joyful, but my heart is dead.

The silver moon hangs in the crimson west,
Gay songs are ringing from each happy breast,
In the full wine-cup glows the wine, deep-red —
Can I be joyful, when my heart is dead.

The little boat goes swiftly on her way,
The first stars glimmer in the twilight gray,
Soft music sounds, and softer words are said —
I would be joyful, but my heart is dead.

Yet if my lost love from her grave could rise,
To thrill me with those unforgotten eyes,
And offer me once more the joys long fled —
In vain! — for lost is lost, and dead is dead.

XXV.

A SPRING SONG.

O SPRINGTIME sweet!
Over the hills come thy lovely feet;
The earth's white mantle is cast away,
She clothes herself all in green to-day;
And the little flowers that hid from the cold
Are springing anew from the warm, fresh mould.

O springtime sweet!
The whole earth smiles thy coming to greet;
Our hearts to their inmost depths are stirred
By the first spring flower and the song of the bird;
Our sweet, strange feelings no room can find,
They wander like dreams through heart and mind.

O springtime sweet!
How the old and the new in thy soft hours meet!
The dear, dead joys of the days long past,
The brightness and beauty that could not last, —
Their fair ghosts rise with the ending of snow, —
The springs and the summers of long ago.

A SPRING SONG.

O springtime sweet!
How thou once wert dear and fair and complete!
No sweetness of words nor of music could tell
The gladness that once made my bosom swell;
And thou art not the same as the springs of yore,
For the beauty and blessing that come no more.

O springtime sweet!
With silent hope thy coming I greet;
For all that in winter the bright earth lost
Doth rise, new-born, with the ending of frost:
Even so shalt thou bring me — at last, at last!
All the hope and the joy and the love of the past.

XXVI.

SPRING THOUGHTS IN ITALY.

LITTLE bird, where do you fly so fast?
"O, winter is ended, at last, at last!
And I fly in haste to my northern home,
For winter has ended and spring has come."

Dear little bird with the feathers gay,
A moment listen, a moment stay!
I have a love in that northern land,—
I stand alone on a foreign strand;
I cannot fly with thee to woo her,
But thou shalt take my greeting to her.
So, when thou art come to that distant shore,
O, hasten to my darling's door!
Sing sweet and low, sing loud and clear,
And thou shalt catch her listening ear;
Tell her, her eyes' remembered light
Is all that makes my heaven bright;
Tell her, her sweet lips' parting word
Still day and night by me is heard;
That every hour of every day
I think of her so far away;

That time nor space, nor life nor death,
My heart from her can sever, —
For I love my love with every breath,
I love my love forever!

And the little flowers in the valley sweet, —
The happy flowers that kiss her feet! —
Greet them a thousand times for me,
And tell them that across the sea
All strange, bright blossoms come with May,
But none are fair to me as they!

XXVII.

ANOTHER VERSION.

WHITHER, dear bird, your flight?
"I 'm going, I 'm going,
Where shines the northern sun so bright,
For there spring flowers are growing."

O little bird, fly far and fast!
And when you find my love at last,
Whose house the lindens cover,
Tell her I think of her all day,
And dream of her all night; and say,
I am her own true lover.

And every flower that you see
Greet thousand times for me.

XXVIII.

GREETING FROM FAR AWAY.

SO many stars as shine in the sky,
So many little winds murmuring by,
So many blessings attend thee;
So many leaves as dance on the trees,
So many flowers as wave in the breeze,
Brighter than those, love, and sweeter than these,
The loving thoughts that I send thee.

Were I the golden sun to shine,
Every ray a glad thought of mine,
Loving and true and tender, —
I would crown with my beams thy dearest head,
From morning golden to evening red;
Deep in my heart lies the thought unsaid,
The love that no speech can render.

Might I but guard thee forevermore!
A sheltering roof, a fast-shut door,
In my deep heart to hold thee;

GREETING FROM FAR AWAY.

In a still, safe room thou dost dwell apart,
Thy spirit pure in my loving heart,
So fair, so dear, so true, thou art;—
  So doth my love enfold thee.

When I faint with thirst on a dusty way,
A pure spring flows for me every day,—
  I drink thy love forever;
I wander alone at dead of night,
But ever before me I see a light,
In darkest hours more clear, more bright;
  And the hope that I bear fails never.

Though I have journeyed across the sea,
Still before me thy face I see,
  Thy form still goes before me;
And I whisper thy name to the woods and caves,
And I sing it aloud to the rushing waves;
And I have all that my spirit craves,
  When the thought of thee comes o'er me.

When thou dost not know what the little brooks say,
Think they go sadly upon their way,
  Because we two are parted;
When the dim forest droops its leaves,
Think that the soul within it grieves,
Because its shadow no more receives
  Two lovers faithful-hearted.

When the sweet flowers droop and die,
Think that my hopes all withered lie;

Think how my heart is broken!
When, in April, with sun and rain,
Violets blossom on hill and plain,
Think thou couldst call me to life again,
By the sweet word still unspoken.

When I send thee a red, red rose, —
The sweetest flower on earth that grows!
Think, dear heart, how I love thee;
Listen to what the sweet rose saith,
With her crimson leaf and her fragrant breath, —
Love, I am thine, in life and death!
O my love, dost thou love me?

XXIX.

"LOVE DOTH TO HER EYES REPAIR."

WHY ask of others what they cannot say, —
Others, who for thy good have little care?
Come close, dear friend, and learn a better way;
Look in my eyes, and read my story there!

Trust not thine own proud wit; 't is idle dreaming!
The common gossip of the street forbear;
Nor even trust my acts or surface-seeming:
Ask only of my eyes; my truth is there.

My lips refuse an answer to thy boldness;
Or with false, cruel words deny thy prayer, —
Believe them not, I hate them for their coldness!
Look in my eyes; my love is written there.

XXX.

TEARS.

I MOURNED and wept through many weary years,
In bitter grief and care;
And now this perfect hour still brings me tears;
My bliss I cannot bear.

O, how can one poor heart all heaven contain?
My foolish lips are dumb;
Alas! in sweetest joy, in sharpest pain,
Only these bright tears come.

XXXI.

WER WENIG SUCHT, DER FINDET VIEL.

ONLY a shelter for my head I sought,
One stormy winter night;
To me the blessing of my life was brought,
Making the whole world bright.
How shall I thank thee for a gift so sweet,
O dearest Heavenly Friend?
I sought a resting-place for weary feet,
And found my journey's end.

Only the latchet of a friendly door
My timid fingers tried;
A loving heart, with all its precious store,
To me was opened wide.
I asked for shelter from a passing shower, —
My sun shall always shine!
I would have sat beside the hearth an hour, —
And the whole heart was mine!

XXXII.

WINTER SUNSHINE.

SHINE brighter than the sun in heaven, O eyes,
beloved so long!
All blessed gifts that can be given, to thee, dear
child, belong;
Thine eyes hold all my sunshine, my heaven is all in
thee;
I ask no other happiness, when thy dear face I see.

O, fair and sweet are summer flowers, but sweeter
still art thou;
I hold them dear, the bright June hours, but I am
gladder now;
Through storm and snow and rain I come where
thou, my darling, art;
I am not cold nor weary when I hold thee to my
heart!

XXXIII.

A REMINISCENCE.

'T WAS April; 't was Sunday; the day was fair,—
Yes! sunny and fair.
And how happy was I!
You wore the white dress you loved to wear;
And two little flowers were hid in your hair—
Yes! in your hair—
On that day — gone by!

We sat on the moss; it was shady and dry,—
Yes! shady and dry;
And we sat in the shadow.
We looked at the leaves, we looked at the sky,
We looked at the brook which bubbled near by,—
Yes! bubbled near by,
Through the quiet meadow.

A bird sang on the swinging vine,—
Yes! on the vine,—
And then,—sang not;
I took your little white hand in mine;
'T was April; 't was Sunday; 't was warm sunshine,—
Yes! warm sunshine:
Have you forgot?

XXXIV.

CONTENTED.

I SAT above the meadow,
Beneath the linden's shadow,
And held my darling's hand;
The leaves all still and dreaming,
The sun's rays softly streaming,
Upon the quiet land.

We felt our pulses flutter,
But not a word did utter;
We were too happy so.
I felt, but nothing said I,
We knew the whole already;
What could we wish to know?

No longing could torment us,
For all things had been sent us;
Our hearts were full of bliss.
Two sweet eyes sent their greeting,
And four warm lips were meeting,
In one too happy kiss.

XXXV.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING FLOWER.

THE busy day from off the earth is going,
Its noisy and tumultuous labors cease,
And, through the cool and mellow darkness flowing,
Comes down from out the skies a tranquil peace.

The fields all sleep. The woods alone are waking;
And what they would not whisper to the light,
Now, every branch astir, and leaves all shaking,
They murmur softly to the listening night.

So I, who in the day could only mutter
Vaguely my inmost longing to thine ear,
Now, in this gloom, my every thought can utter, —
Child of my heart! come soon, come now, to hear!

XXXVI.

TO THE SILENT ONE.

AH, leave to other maidens
  Fair greeting, sweet replies;
Thou art my lovely Silence,
  With thy clear friendly eyes.

The eyes, so true, so tender,
  They tell me, day by day,
More of thy deepest heart, love,
  Than lips could ever say.

So wakes the earth to gladness
  The blessed April sun;
Yet, year by year, in silence,
  The perfect work is done.

Yet all sweet words and music
  To thee, dear child, belong;
Be thou my lovely Silence,
  And I will be thy Song.

XXXVII.

WHAT LOVE SAID.

LOVE said, — "A beauty not of earth but heaven,
Still seek in thy beloved's glances bright;
For love to man as his best strength is given,
A guiding star, not a false, wandering light."

Love said, — "In the sweet eyes where thou dost see
Pure light, not flame, there shalt thou seek thy fate;
So a clear lamp to light thy path shall be,
No wasting fire thy heart to desolate."

Love said, — "This blessing to thy life is given,
To draw thy heart from things of little worth;
Wings shall it give, to lift thy heart to heaven,
Not chains to hold it closer to the earth."

XXXVIII.

LOST SUNSHINE.

DARLING child, you ask me why,
While I sing, I still must sigh;
What can grieve me so?
Fair spring was mine, and it would not stay;
Bright youth was mine, and I dreamed it away;
True love came to me, one golden day, —
Smiling, I let it go.

The morning hour was sweet and cool.
I had no thirst when my cup brimmed full;
Careless, I put it by.
Laden boughs were over my head,
Fair fruit-clusters, purple and red,
Summer's glories all round me spread,
Yet nothing held my eye.

But when the sun sank to his rest,
And crimson glories curtained the west;
What bitter thirst was mine!

I seek in vain through the hours of night
What came to me with the morning light.
Long, long weeping has blinded my sight;
I mourn my lost sunshine.

My heart is withered and cold and dead;
Snows of winter are on my head;
I travel my weary way:
Fair and sweet were my springtime flowers,
Rich and full were my summer hours,
Laden with gold my autumn bowers;
I have nothing left to-day.

XXXIX.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

AH, do not smile upon me so!
The glance that beams on me to-day
Is sweet, but only brings me woe;
Ah, turn thy lovely eyes away!
This lonely heart may quiver,
Its throbs are only pain;
Even thy kindness never
Can bid it hope again.

I am not young and fresh as thou, —
My heart is not so pure as thine,
Thy love can never bless me now;
I dare not take thy hand in mine.
Alas! one fleeting hour
This bright dream comes to me;
What wouldst thou, — opening flower,
With me, — a blasted tree?

The sunset hour for me is near,
For thee the day is just begun;

I know no longer hope nor fear,
For thee all sweetness may be won:
To thee all joy and gladness
The golden hours bring;
I sit in doubt and sadness,
My memories pale to sing.

Then turn thy lovely eyes away,
My gentle child, thou rosebud sweet;
I wander forth alone to-day
With aching heart and weary feet;
I roam the wide earth over,
I climb the salt sea-wave;
For thee, — a noble lover;
For me, — a grave.

XL.

HOW IT HAPPENS.

HARSH voices said to her, "He loves thee not;
He trifles with thee." Then she drooped her head,
And to her eyes the tears came thick and hot,
And yet in secret were those salt tears shed.
Alas, that she believed that cruel word!
For when he came, her face was turned away;
And then with scorn and pride his heart was stirred,
And with forced mirth he went his lonely way.

An angel ever whispered in her heart,
"Thy love is true; only reach forth thy hand!"
And while in bitterness he stood apart,
The same sweet pleading must his heart withstand:
"She loves thee well, she is thy destined bride:
Speak but one tender word, the spell is broken!"
Day after day they met — O, sinful pride!
The word, the fateful word, remained unspoken.

And so they parted. And for many days
Each mourned in secret. As a dying lamp

That lights some dim church with its fitful rays,
  Then with a flash expires, in dusk and damp,—
Even so their love grew fainter day by day;
  Flickered and flashed with many a dying gleam,
Until at last it faded quite away,
  Forgotten, or remembered as a dream.

Yet sometimes would the pale moon's misty light
  Fall on a pillow wet with lonely tears;
And wistful eyes gazed through the silent night,—
  Perhaps they dreamed of half-forgotten years;
And of the blessing that they did not win;
  Sweet, secret hopes that ne'er were plighted troth;
Now lost forever, all that might have been.
  O God, who sends us love, forgive them both!

XLI.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

THE mother stood at the window;
In the chamber lay her son.
"Arise! arise! dear William,
And see the crowd march on."
"I am so sick, my mother,
I cannot hear or see;
I think of my dead Gretchen,
And my heart is sad in me."

"Then we will go to Kevlaar,
With book and rosary,
And there God's gracious mother
Will heal thy heart for thee."

The banners flutter gayly,
The church bells ring aloud,
Past proud Cologne it marches, —
The singing, praying crowd.

The son, he leads his mother,
And all go marching on;
"All hail to thee, Maria!"
They sing with solemn tone.

II.

God's mother sits at Kevlaar,
With jewels in her hair;
To-day she wears her diamonds,
For many guests are there.
The sick with votive offerings
Have come from many lands,
To hang upon her altar
Their waxen feet and hands.
For when one offers a waxen hand,
His hand is cured of its wound;
And when one offers a waxen foot,
His foot at once is sound.
Many who came on crutches
Go running and dancing away,
And those whose fingers were stiff as sticks
On the violin can play.
Out of a waxen candle
The mother formed a heart:
"Give this to Holy Mary,
And she will cure thy smart!"
Sadly he took the image,
Went sadly to the shrine,
And, words with tears commingled,
He cried: "O Maid divine!

O Queen of heaven and angels!
  Receive my bitter moan.
I dwell with my poor mother,
  In a street of fair Cologne;
Where, in three hundred churches,
  Men go to sing and pray;
And near to us lived Gretchen,
  And she is dead to-day!
I bring this waxen image,
  The image of my heart;
Heal thou my bitter sorrow,
  And cure my deadly smart!
Do this, and every morning,
  Evening, and all day long,
Hail to thee, Blessed Mary,
  Shall be my prayer and song!"

III.

The sick son and his mother
  Slept in a little room;
Then came the Blessed Virgin,
  Soft stepping through the gloom.
She bent above the sick man,
  And on his heart she laid
Her gentle hand, — then, smiling,
  Passed, like a mist, the Maid.
The mother, in her slumber
  Had seen the whole event;
Then wakened, for the frightened dogs
  Howled, as the Virgin went.

He lay stretched out before her,
Her son, and he was dead;
And on his thin and pallid cheek
The morning sun burned red.
The mother knew not how she felt,
But bent in peace her head;
"God bless thee! Holy Mother!"
Were all the words she said.

XLII.

BEREAVEMENT.

SHALL the seasons bring no end to your sorrow,
O my friend,
As you journey on your way?
And your bitterness of grief find no comfort, no relief, —
But deepen day by day.

Shall it thus confuse your mind, till no outlet you can find
From a labyrinth of woe;
That your daughter sleeps in peace, where earthly trials cease,
And where we all must go?

If, in answer to your prayer, she had gone, with snowy hair,
And bent with age, above,
Would the angels come to meet her with welcome any sweeter
Than their present tones of love?

"O cruel fate," you cry, "for such a child to die!
"Taken back, as soon as given!"
But had she stayed here long, she still had perished young;
For there is no age in heaven.

It is nature's law, I know, that when our darlings go
Such tears should blind our eyes;
But because their life has gone, to cast away our own
Is neither well nor wise.

I knew the darling child, so tender, pure, and mild,
Now vanished from your arms;
Nor foolishly would try to bid your grief go by,
Or underrate her charms.

But she was of this world, where the things most sweet
Pass soonest away;
And Rose met the fate which other roses meet, —
To bloom for a day.

Death, harsher than all else to a mortal's prayers and tears,
Falling fast as summer rain,
Like a statue, sitting calm with his cruel, stony ears,
Lets us cry; but in vain!

Of the peasant's simple latch, sleeping under strawy thatch,
He pulls the silent string,

And passes by the guard, at the Louvre keeping ward,
To the couch of our king.

Your grief may smite the sky; no echo shall reply!
Your stormy grief is vain!
To will what God doth will, is for us the only skill
To cure this bitter pain.

XLIII.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

THE bells of the churches are ringing, —
Papa and mamma have both gone, —
And three little children sit singing
Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple,
Though too small to sit still in a pew,
These busy religious small people
Determine to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rhythm nor tune:
Our worship, perhaps, may be better,
But *theirs* reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father;
  His heaven is bright with these flowers;
And the dear God above us would rather
  Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children, — your voices
  Fill the air with contentment and love;
All nature around you rejoices,
  And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on, — for the proudest orations,
  The liturgies sacred and long,
The anthems and worship of nations,
  Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on, — our devotion is colder,
  Though wisely our prayers may be planned,
For often we, too, who are older,
  Hold *our* book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on, — our harmonic inventions
  We study with labor and pain;
Yet often our angry contentions
  Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on; — all our struggle and battle,
  Our cry when most deep and sincere, —
What are they? A child's simple prattle,
  A breath in the Infinite Ear.

XLIV.

"THE PERFECT WHOLE."

LIVE in that Whole to which all parts belong;
Thus Beauty, Action, Truth shall be thy dower.
Compose thyself in God, and so be strong,
Since only in life's fulness is its power.
As, in a plant, leaves, flowers, and fruits must grow
Out of one germ, each centred in the whole,—
So must Love, Thought, and Deed forever flow
Forth from one fountain in the human soul.

XLV.

"THE DEVIL IS A FOOL."

SAINT Dominic, the glory of the schools,
Writing, one day, "the Inquisition's" rules,
Stopt, when the evening came, for want of light.
The devils, who below, from morn till night,
Well pleased, had seen his work, exclaimed with sorrow,
"Something he will forget before to-morrow!"
One zealous imp flew upward from the place,
And stood before him, with an angel face.
"I come," said he, "sent from God's Realm of Peace,
To light you lest your holy labors cease."
Well pleased, the saint wrote on with careful pen.
The candle was consumed; the devil then
Lighted his *thumb;* the saint, quite undisturbed,
Finished his treatise to the final word.
Then he looked up, and started with affright;
For lo! the thumb blazed with a lurid light.
"Your thumb is burned!" said he. The child of sin,
Changed to his proper form, and, with a grin,

Said, "I will quench it in the martyrs' blood
Your book will cause to flow, — a crimson flood!"

Triumphantly the fiend returned to hell,
And told his story. Satan said, "'T is well!
Your aim was good, but foolish was the deed,
For blood of martyrs is the Church's seed."

XLVI.

OUR CONFIDENCE.

WITH joyful looks on thee we call,
Firm in thy word we stay;
Madness and murder rise from hell,
But turn us not away.
And though in ruins lies our land,
We know thy Word will always stand!

Faith conquers in no easy war,
By toil alone the prize is won;
The grape dissolves not in the cup,
Wine from the crushing press must run;
And would an angel heavenward go,
A human heart must break below.

And thus, though life is made a lie,
And shams their showy temples rear,
And shameless traitors, set on high,
Shudder at Truth, and Courage fear,
And see, with terror's dizzy brain,
The waking nation burst its chain, —

Though brothers brethren may oppress,
  Severed by hate and streaming blood;
And German princes not confess
  Their thrones to be one sisterhood;
And that, if we were One, we might
In Germany the world's law write;—

We will not lose our faith in thee,
  But ever strive; in steadfast trust,
That thou thy German land wilt free,
  Wilt cast the tyrant in the dust.
And though year-distant lies the day;
Who can, like thee, the right time say?

XLVII.

THE LAST TEN OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

A THOUSAND soldiers knelt in Warsaw's square,
The solemn oath of battle sternly taking;
They swore, without a shot, the foe to dare,
With bayonets' point their deadly pathway making.
Beat drums! march on, and let our country tell
That "Poland's Fourth" will keep its promise well.

So said, and bloody Praga saw it done.
Right where the foe in thickest mass was rushing,
We charged, and not a comrade fired his gun,
But each with deadly bayonet on was pushing.
Praga shall tell how, 'mid the blackened air,
Poland's "Fourth Regiment" was bleeding there.

When, from a thousand throats of fire, the flame
At Ostrolenka on our columns falling
Mowed down our ranks, we broke our way, and came
With the sharp bayonets' point their heart appalling.
Let Ostrolenka, joined with Praga, say
That "Poland's Fourth" has kept its vow to-day.

Yes, many manly hearts then sank to rest,
To the war-fiend a noble offering bringing;
Yet to his oath each man was true, and prest
On to the end, still to his weapon clinging;
Yes, with unloaded gun and steady eye,
Poland's "Fourth Regiment" marched on to die.

O, woe to us! woe to our land forlorn!
O, ask not whence or how this misery came!
Woe, woe to every child in Poland born!
Our wounds break open when we hear her name.
They bleed afresh, but most our hearts are wrung
When "Poland's Fourth" is named by any tongue.

And ah! dear brothers, who to death have gone,
But, dying, from our souls shall perish never;
We, who still live, with broken hearts move on,
Far from our homes, the homes now lost forever;
And pray that God in heaven may quickly send
The last of "Poland's Fourth" a blessed end.

From Poland's confines, through the misty air,
Ten soldiers come, and, crossing Prussia's border,
The sentry challenges with, "Who comes there?"
They stand in silence. He repeats the order.
At last one says, "Out of a thousand men
In 'Poland's Fourth' we are the only ten."

XLVIII.

ORPHIC SAYINGS.

1. DESTINY.

ACCORDING as the sun and planets saw
From their bright thrones the moment of thy birth,
Such is thy destiny; and by that law
Thou must go on — and on — upon the earth.
Such must thou be. Thyself thou canst not fly;
So still do sibyls speak, have prophets spoken.
The living stamp, received from Nature's die,
No time can change, no art has ever broken.

2. CHANCE.

Yet through these limits, sternly fixed to bound us,
A pleasing, wandering form goes with and round us.
Thou art not lonely, — thou hast many brothers, —
Learning and acting, still art moved by others.
Chance takes or gives the thing while we pursue it, —
Our life 's a trifle, and we trifle through it.
The circling years go round. All keeps the same —
The lamp stands waiting for the kindling flame.

XLIX.

IN MEMORY OF SCHILLER.

AND so it happened! Bells were gayly ringing
O'er all the peaceful land, and everywhere
New happiness appeared. With joyous singing
We welcomed home the youthful, princely pair.
And while each hour new throngs and crowds was bringing
These national festivities to share,
On the wreathed stage we all, with cheerful hearts,
Brought out once more the "*Homage of the Arts.*"

A cry of fear the midnight hush has broken;
Heavy and sad the mournful tones ascend;
And can it possibly *his* fate betoken
With whose existence warmest wishes blend?
Ah! with what words shall this world-loss be spoken?
Can death have made of so much life an end?
Ah! in our midst we feel a frightful rent.
The world laments him, — shall not we lament?

For he was ours. How happily surrounded,
Each favoring hour revealed his lofty mind;

How sometimes grace and cheerfulness abounded,
In mutual talk, with earnestness combined;
And sometimes daring thought, with power unbounded,
Life's deepest sense and highest plan divined, —
All in rich fruits of act and counsel shown; —
This have we oft enjoyed, experienced, known.

For he was ours. And may that word of pride
Drown with its lofty tone pain's bitter cry!
With us, the fierce storm over, he could ride
At anchor, in safe harbor fixedly.
Yet onward did his mighty spirit stride
To Beauty, Goodness, Truth, eternally;
And far behind, in mists dissolving fast,
That which confines us all, the Common, passed.

In that fair garden chamber, through the night,
He watches the lone stars' unearthly ray;
They pour in sympathy mysterious light
On one as pure, as infinite, as they.
There, busied earnestly for our delight,
He strangely alternates the hours of day;
And welcomes thus, engaged in worthiest toil,
Those darkening hours which all our strength despoil.

Wave after wave, the floods of History rolled
Before his eye, with all their good and ill, —
Earth's mighty conquerors and warriors bold,
Whose armies swept the world with reckless will;
Each act most good and high, most base and cold,

Clearly distinguished with unerring skill, —
Till sinks the moon, and, while the darkness flies,
The sun mounts upward through the eastern skies.

•

Burned in his cheeks, with ever-deepening fire,
The spirit's youth, which never passes by,—
The courage which, though worlds in hate conspire,
Conquers at last their dull hostility, —
The lofty faith, which, ever mounting higher,
Now presses on, now waiteth patiently,
By which the good tends ever toward his goal,
By which day lights at last the generous soul.

•

And yet, thus skilled, and armed with learning's wand,
The Drama's laws he willingly obeyed,
And painted here how Fate, with iron hand,
Turns the earth-axle on through light and shade;
And many a work, profound and nobly planned,
The Art and Artist more illustrious made,
While thus the flower of life's best efforts giving,
Yea, life itself, to this, the shade of living.

•

Have we not known how he, with giant tread,
Measured the mighty round of thought and deed?
With cheerful glance in that dark volume read
Of times and lands, each nation's law and creed?
Yet have we seen, with sympathy and dread,
His suffering body bowed, his spirit bleed;
Seen in our midst, in fair but mournful years; —
For he was ours, — his pangs with pitying tears.

And when the bitter throng of pains passed over,
  And his bright mind had momentary peace,
By each kind art our friendship could discover
  Him from the heavy present to release,
We sought to quicken the fair thoughts, which hover
  Round the sick brain, till its hot throbbings cease;
And happy were we if, ere evening fell,
A smile or laugh repaid our efforts well.

With life's severest law too soon acquainted,
  For early death by early suffering armed,
He goes, — and all our cup of joy is tainted;
  Now that affrights, which had so oft alarmed.
Yet from on high, transfigured now and sainted,
  His essence bends, by death untouched, unharmed;
And what before in him was blamed and hated,
Death has ennobled, Time has consecrated.

Many there were who, while he dwelt on earth,
  Hardly due honor to his powers would pay,
But now are overshadowed by his worth,
  Willingly subject to his magic lay.
Up to the Highest borne, a second birth
  Links him with all the best that 's passed away.
Then honor him! What life but poorly gave,
An after world shall heap above his grave.

Thus he remains with us — remains, though gone —
  For ten years since he vanished from our side!
Yet all by him first taught, through him made known,
  The world receives with joy, and we with pride,

And, long ago, that which was most his own
  Has passed through countless hearts in circle wide.
So, like a comet, vanishing away,
Infinite light he blends with his own ray.

L.

THE GONDOLA.

ROCKS like a cradle on the wave this lightly moving bark;
Upon the top, a small black house, most like a coffin dark.
Between our cradle and our shroud 't is thus we float below,
And on the great canal of life so carelessly we go.

LI.

MODERN CATHOLICS: A PARABLE.

'T WAS in a city and a nation
Where reigned the largest toleration;
Where every Christian sect was found,
With equal rights, on common ground;
Where Church Reformed and Church of Rome
Rose side by side, each quite at home,
And every man could sing and pray
And worship in his father's way.
We boys in Luther's church were bred,
By sermon and by hymn-book fed,
Which did not suit us half as well
As masses, chants, and vesper-bell;
These pleased our eye, and filled our ear,
Much pleasanter to see and hear.

And now, since boys and men, by fate
Are monkeys, born to imitate;
We children took supreme delight
In mimicking each priestly rite.
For robes, upon our shoulders hung,
Our sisters' borrowed aprons swung;

And for a stole, each little thief
Took mother's lace-edged handkerchief;
While on the bishop's head there sat,
For mitre, a gilt-paper hat.

Thus dressed in fillet, stole, and gown,
We marched, all day, up stairs and down;
But though our dresses pleased us well,
One thing was wanted still, — a bell!
When luckily a rope we see:
One end we fastened to a tree;
Thus was the belfry quickly made, —
Each child, in turn, the sexton played.
No bell, indeed, was hanging there,
And yet we pulled as if there were, —
We rang and tolled, pulled hard and long,
And, as we pulled, we cried, "Ding, dong."

Forgotten were these childish plays
Until, within these latter days,
We suddenly, with much surprise,
Behold the same amusements rise.
Our *modern Catholics* again
Play the same play, with might and main, —
A web of poetry they weave,
And don't believe, but *make believe*.

LII.

THEKLA: A SPIRIT'S VOICE.

WHERE am I, askest thou, and where ascended
My shadowy nature from its earthly strife?
Was not my fate fulfilled, my being ended?
I loved, and, loving, drained the cup of life.

The nightingales in melody departed,
Whose swelling notes poured rapture on the spring;
But ask not where they fled, the tender-hearted!
They only lived their note of love to sing.

And have I found the lost one? Yes, believe me,
We are together, ever to remain,
Where hopes are real, and faith will not deceive me,—
A land where tears will never flow again.

And in that land of union *thou* shalt meet us,
If, like our love, thy love be firm and true;
And there the father, freed from sin, shall greet us,
Freed from the hand of bloody murder too.

He feels he was by no false thought deceived,
When to the stars he looked with trust and fear.
The measure which he gave he has received, —
Faith in the Holy brings the Holy near.

There shall be realized each word of love;
Faith be rewarded there in sunlit day, —
O venture then on earth to dream and rove!
Deep meaning often lies in childish play.

LIII.

THE WAY AND THE LIFE.

WORLD Redeemer, Lord of glory! as of old to zealous Paul
Thou didst come in sudden splendor, and from out the cloud didst call;
As to Mary, in the garden, did thy risen form appear, —
Come, arrayed in heavenly beauty; come and speak, and I will hear!

"Hast thou not," the Master answered, — "hast thou not my written Word?
Hast thou not, to go before thee, the example of the Lord?"
— Blessed one! thy word of wisdom is too high for me to know,
And my feet are all too feeble for the path where thou didst go.

Doubts torment me while I study; all my reading and my thinking
Lead away from firm conviction, and in mire my feet are sinking.

Then I turn to works of duty, — here thy law is very plain, —
But I look at thy example, strive to follow, — strive in vain.

Let me gaze, then, at thy glory; change to flesh this heart of stone!
Let the light illume my darkness that around the apostle shone!
Cold belief is not conviction, rules are impotent to move;
Let me *see* thy heavenly beauty, let me learn to trust and love.

In my heart the voice made answer: "Ask not for a sign from heaven.
In the gospel of thy Saviour life, as well as light, is given.
Ever looking unto Jesus, all his glory thou shalt see,
From thy heart the veil be taken, and the Word made clear to thee.

"Love the Lord, and thou shalt see him; do his will, and thou shalt know
How the spirit lights the letter, — how a little child may go
Where the wise and prudent stumble, — how a heavenly glory shines
In his acts of love and mercy, from the gospel's simplest lines."

LIV.

AN ITALIAN SPRING TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

MELTS to spring the bitter winter, with glad change from day to day;
Through the sand the creaking pulleys drag the vessels to the bay;
Ploughmen leave the chimney-corner; from their stalls the cattle go,
Browzing in the grassy meadow, white no more with frost and snow.

Now, amid the showers of moonlight, on the turf the maidens dance.
Are they girls? or with the Graces does the Queen of Love advance?
Hear their feet, with throbs alternate, shake the earth in joyous rhyme!
Hear, below, the burning Cyclops on their anvils beating time!

Hasten, brothers! bind your foreheads with spring
flowers and myrtles green!
For the frozen sods have crumbled, and the buds
appear between.
Hasten, brothers, to the forest, and within some shady
dell
Offer there a lamb to Faunus, or the kid he loves so
well.

Steadily pale Death approaches, bringing each an
equal fate,
Knocking on the cottage-lattice, knocking at the pal-
ace-gate.
Vast ambitions, O my Sextus, do not suit our little
day.
Night and Death are moving toward us; use our sun-
light while we may.

Kings of wine will not be chosen at our banquets,
when we go
To the regions unsubstantial and the mighty Powers
below!
Then your little pet will leave you, — he with whom
the striplings play,
And to whom, a little later, all the maidens' hearts
shall stray.

LV.

AN ITALIAN WINTER TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

SEE how, at last, even old Soracte 's covered
Up to its summit with deep-fallen snow!
The bending woods beneath the drifts are smothered;
And rivers stand, held fast by ice, below.

But in our house let winter be a fable!
Pile up the logs, and drive the frost afar,
And bring, O Thaliarchus, to our table,
Wine four years old, within its two-eared jar.

And, for the rest, leave all to those High Powers
Who, when the storm-lashed surges rise and fall,
And the old trees rock in their leafy bowers,
Speak, and a sudden silence comes to all.

Do thou, dear boy, indulge no wintry sorrow,
But give to dance and song youth's happy day;
Ask not what darker fate may come to-morrow;
Count as clear gain all good you find to-day.

Let youth, light-hearted, have its hour of joy,
  Its manly games, its long day's tramp and walk,
And tender whispers when the girl and boy
  Meet with shy footsteps for their twilight talk.

For then the child, within her corner hidden,
  Is by her stifled laughter soon betrayed
To him who boldly dares, but half forbidden,
  Kiss on her arm the unreluctant maid.

LVI.

A COQUETTE OF OLD ROME.

WHAT perfumed boy beside you now reposes
In some cool shade, with eager, mad caresses;
While you, to please him, 'mid the dropping roses,
Let fall your golden tresses?

Artfully artless! how the child will wonder,
When this fair day of love, so bright, so warm,
With black clouds overcast, and bursting thunder,
Shall change to sudden storm!

Facile and tender when her whim it pleases,
He thinks, fond fool, this golden hour will last;
But sooner hope to fix the faithless breezes
Than hold her to her past!

But I, experienced in each subtle motive
Which brings such shifting gales o'er love's wild sky,
Hang in the Temple, as an offering votive,
My sea-drenched panoply.

LVII.

A SIMPLE FEAST.

MY boy, on me no Persian luxury waste,
Costly bark chaplets are not to my taste;
Nor to far forest thickets do thou haste,
Where one rose lingers.

Plain myrtle suits me, as beneath this vine
In flickering light and shade I drink my wine;
Suits thee, as well, dear boy, in wreaths to twine
With idle fingers.

LVIII.

PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(WRITTEN IN HER BOOK OF DEVOTIONS JUST BEFORE HER EXECUTION.)

"O DOMINE DEUS! speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me.
In dura catenâ, in miserâ pœnâ,
Desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!"

O MASTER and Maker! my hope is in thee.
My Jesus, dear Saviour! now set my soul free.
From this my hard prison, my spirit uprisen,
Soars upward to thee.
Thus moaning, and groaning, and bending the knee,
I adore, and implore that thou liberate me.

LIX.

INVOCATION TO BEAUTY AND LOVE.

WITH OTHER SPECIMENS FROM LUCRETIUS.

MOTHER of Rome, delight of Gods and Men!
Divinest Beauty! — under drifting stars,
Or on the Ocean, white with numerous sails,
Or on the Earth, yellow with waves of corn,
Still art thou evident, and still adored!
Drawn by thy love, all creatures move and live;
And, at thy coming, storms subside, and clouds
Pass from the blue of Heaven, — the happy waves
Laugh round the sea, — the flowers laugh back from earth,
And all the joyful sky is full of light.
Soon as spring days are mellow with warm air,
And south-winds whisper to the sleeping seeds,
A thousand birds proclaim, in tender song
From loving hearts, the coming of their Queen!
Joy fills the hearts of all who swim the stream,
Leap in the meadow, or, in wood or sea,
On the lone mountain, in the rushing flood,
Are warmed again by thee to life and love.

Therefore, O royal Beauty! since thy power
Sweeps through all nature, — since, without thy might
And great attractive influence, nothing fair
And nothing sweet or lovely ever comes, —
I long to have thee with me while I write;
My helper, while I sing, in measured verse,
Nature, — its Substance, Source, Law, Meaning, End.

SAFE, on the solid land, 't is sweet to see
The tumult and the terror of the storm,
When mountain waves pitch headlong on the shore,
And helpless vessels struggle with the gale.
Not that we take a pleasure in their pain,
But in their pain we realize our peace.
'T is sweet, in safety, to behold the field
Where mighty armies meet to fight and die.
But, — sweetest of all sights, — secure ourselves,
In the grand calm of science, to survey
The passions and the struggles of the crowd,
Seeking distinction, admiration, power;
Spending long days of care and sleepless nights
For what? A heap of gold, — an empty name!

O wretched human minds! O blinded hearts!
To waste in toils like these your little day,
When all that Nature asks is only this, —
A body free from pain, a mind from care.

To crowd around an altar, and to bend
Humbly, with veiléd face, before a stone, —

To fling ourselves upon the ground, with hands
Spread out in vows to inattentive gods, —
To patter over countless prayers, to pour
The blood of harmless lambs upon the shrine, —
This is not piety; but rather this,
To look on all events with equal mind.

Ah! when we see the mighty dome above,
The midnight firmament thick-set with stars, —
Heaven's great highway, where march the sun and moon, —
There comes to us a natural human doubt,
If the Almighty and Eternal Gods
May not, perhaps, move all these shining stars!
Our very poverty of reason strikes
Fear in our heart of some mysterious powers
From whom these worlds arise, by whom they cease, —
Fear, lest the deep foundations of the earth
Shall shake beneath the forces of the skies,
Unless, held up by some diviner hand,
The Universe, in its eternal youth,
May move superior to decay and change.

THE sacred sides of Pindus I ascend
By paths before untrod; with joy I drink
From springs before unknown, plucking strange flowers
With which no bard before has crowned his brow.
The truths I teach shall free the human soul

From superstitious fears, and fill with light
The darkest regions in the mind of man.
And as the wise physician tempts the child
To drink the bitter draught within the cup
By putting honey all around its brim,
So I adorn my sad philosophy,
Hard and repellent to the common mind,
With the sweet voice and honey of my song,
Thus to detain men's thoughts, until they know
The grandeur and the good of all I teach.

LX.

A BEAUTY OF ANCIENT ROME.

"ILLAM, quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque Decor.
Seu solvit crines, fusis decet esse capillis;
Seu comsit, comtis est veneranda comis.
Urit, seu Tyriâ voluit procedere pallâ;
Urit, seu niveâ candida veste venit."

WHERE'ER she goes, whate'er she does, in silence, speech, tears, laughter;
Soft grace attends her and befriends, goes with her, follows after.
She drives us crazy when her locks are floating, harum-scarum,
And then we say that *that* 's the way, the only way to wear 'em.
But if brushed smooth, why then we love the glory trembling o'er her,
A halo round the shapely head, half tempting to adore her.

She takes all hearts in grand toilette, when dressed *à*
quatre épingles,
Bewitches in her morning dress, of muslin from the
mangle.

In justice to Tibullus, I have inserted the lines which I have here imitated, and certainly modernized. I once showed this translation to my friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who remarked that I had turned this stately Roman beauty into a French grisette. The criticism is just; but I insert my lines for the sake of the first couplet, which may call attention to the exquisite grace of the original.

J. F. C.

LXI.

TO SLEEP.

"SOMNE veni; et quanquam certissima Mortis imago es,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
Huc ades, haud abiture cito: nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere quam suave est — sic sine morte mori!"

COME, Sleep! though thou most like to Death appear —
Yet come, and share the couch on which I lie.
Come soon, stay long. I hold it sweet and dear
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

After this version had been written many years, and read by many persons, another translation appeared in a London Magazine, in which the last line was identical with that above. This is one of those curious coincidences which sometimes are found in literary work, and which give rise to the charge of plagiarism.

LXII.

"ERECTUS, NON ELATUS."

" PROSPERA non lætam fecere, nec aspera tristem;
Aspera risus erant, prospera terror erant.
Non decor efficet fragilem, non sceptra superbum;
Sola potens humilis, sola pudica decens."

IN gladness timid, but in sadness brave;
In trials smiling, but in triumphs grave;
Strong, but not proud; though beautiful, not weak;
No queen so royal, and no child so meek.

LXIII.

THE MOHAMMEDAN SAINTS.

RABIA, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited, —

Holy Malik, Hassan wise;
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

Hassan said, "Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure."

Malik, from a deeper sense,
Uttered his experience: —

"He who loves his Master's choice
Will in chastisement *rejoice*."

Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,

And replied: "O men of grace!
He who sees his Master's face

"Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all!"

LXIV.

"HE WHO ASKS, RECEIVES."

"ALLAH, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart was tender, till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said, "Call louder, child of pain!
See if Allah ever hear, or answer 'Here am I' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness, sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child! why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I 've called so often; never heard the 'Here am I';
And I thought, God will not pity, will not turn on me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise, Elias, go, —
Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf of woe.

"'Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That his prayer "Come, gracious Allah" is my answer, "Here am I."'

"Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'"

LXV.

THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

IN heavy sleep the Caliph lay,
When some one called, "Arise and pray!"

The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare
Rebuke his king for slighted prayer?"

Then, from the corner of the room,
A voice cut sharply through the gloom: —

"My name is Satan. Rise! obey
Mohammed's law: awake and pray."

"Thy *words* are good," the Caliph said,
"But their intent I somewhat dread;

"For matters cannot well be worse,
Than when the thief says, 'Guard your purse.'

"I cannot trust thy counsel, friend,
It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan: "Near the throne of God,
In ages past, we devils trod;

"Angels of light, to us was given
To guide each wandering soul to heaven.

"Not wholly lost is that first love,
Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

"Roaming across a continent,
The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

"But never quite forgets the day
When in his father's arms he lay;

"So we, once bathed in love divine,
Recall the taste of that rich wine.

"God's finger rested on my brow, —
That magic touch, I feel it now!

"I fell, 't is true, — O, ask not why!
For still to God I turn my eye;

"It was a chance by which I fell;
Another takes me back from Hell.

"'T was but my envy of mankind,
The envy of a loving mind.

"Jealous of men, I could not bear
God's love with this new race to share.

" But yet God's tables open stand,
His guests flock in from every land.

" Some kind act toward the race of men
May toss us into Heaven again.

" A game of chess is all we see, —
And God the player, pieces we.

" White, black, — queen, pawn, — 't is all the same,
For on both sides he plays the game.

" Moved to and fro, from good to ill,
We rise and fall as suits his will."

The Caliph said: " If this be so
I know not, but thy guile I know;

" For how can I thy words believe,
When even God thou didst deceive.

" A sea of lies art thou, — our sin
Only a drop that sea within."

" Not so," said Satan; " I serve God, —
His angel now, and now his rod.

" In tempting I both bless and curse,
Make good men better, bad men worse.

" Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,
I but distinguish one from th' other."

"Granted," the Caliph said; "but still
You never tempt to good, but ill.

"Tell, then, the truth, for well I know
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well;
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

"If you had missed your prayer, I knew
A swift repentance would ensue;

"And such repentance would have been
A good, outweighing far the sin.

"I chose this humbleness divine,
Born out of fault, should not be thine;

"Preferring prayers elate with pride,
To sin with penitence allied."

LXVI.

MOSES AND THE WORM.

HOLY Moses, man of God, came to his tent one day,
And called his wife Safurja, and his children from their play:
"O sweetest orphaned children! O dearest widowed wife!
We meet, dear ones, no more on earth, for this day ends my life.
Jehovah sent his angel down, and told me to prepare—"
Then swooned Safurja on the ground; the children, in despair,
Said, weeping: "Who will care for us when you, dear father, go?"
And Moses wept and sobbed aloud to see his children's woe.
But then Jehovah spake from heaven: "And dost thou fear to die?
And dost thou love this world so well that thus I hear thee cry?"
And Moses said: "I fear not death. I leave this world with joy;

Yet cannot but compassionate this orphan girl and boy."
"In whom, then, did thy mother trust, when, in thy basket-boat,
An infant on the Nile's broad stream, all helpless thou didst float?
In whom didst thou thyself confide when by the raging sea
The host of Pharaoh came in sight?" Then Moses said: "In Thee!
In Thee, O Lord, I now confide, as I confided then."
And God replied: "Go to the shore! Lift up thy staff again."
Then Moses lifted up his rod. The sea rolled wide away,
And in the midst a mighty rock, black and uncovered, lay.
"Smite thou the rock!" said God again. The rock was rent apart,
And then appeared a little worm, close nestled in its heart.
The worm cried: "Praise to God on high, who hears his creatures' moan,
Nor did forget the little worm concealed within the stone."
"If I remember," said the Lord, "the worm beneath the sea,
Shall I forget thy children, who love and honor me?"

LXVII.

THE USE OF WEALTH.

WEALTH is a means, and life the end;
You lose your hoard, have what you spend.
For that unhappy mortal pray
Who never learned to give away.
His heaped-up wealth made him its slave;
He did not use who never gave.

LXVIII.

KNOWLEDGE AND ACTION.

O COLD of heart, but wise of head,
Whose knowledge barren is and dead!
Thou, like the statue in thy porch,
Art blind, though holding forth a torch;
Or like the ass, with solemn looks,
Weighed down beneath a load of books.

LXIX.

EASTERN HUMANITY.

YOUR conquered foe do not despise,
But treat him nobly while you can;
In every bone some marrow lies,
In every jacket there 's a man.

LXX.

"TIMEO DANAOS."

HEAR what the bad man counsels, carefully,
Then quickly go, and do the opposite;
If on the left he shows a straight smooth way,
Take thou the steep wild road upon the right.

LXXI.

TO PHILANTHROPISTS.

LOVE with strength as well as meekness;
Love with firmness, not with weakness;
Probe the wound and scarify,
Before the balsam you apply.
Be so benevolent, I pray,
As to drive the wolf away;
Love *him*, if you will, but keep
Some love also for the sheep.

LXXII.

A LOVER'S ECONOMY.

WHILE writing verses for my love, I looked up
from the paper,
And there she stood! I rose in haste, and overturned
the taper.
"How careless to put out the light!" she said. "Is
it surprising,"
I answered, "that I quenched my lamp when I saw
the sun arising?"

LXXIII.

SLOW AND SURE.

IN forty years of steady work, so Eastern travellers say,
The Chinese make a porcelain cup of Oriental clay, —
In Bagdad they form easily a hundred in a day;
But princes seek and prize the one, — the other 's thrown away.
The chicken walks from out its shell, and goes its food to find,
While helpless lies for months and years the child of human kind;
Which yet, by gradual growth, o'ertops all else in strength and mind.
O slow of thought! remember this, — be thankful and resigned.

LXXIV.

UNPRODUCTIVE INDUSTRY.

I SAW a farmer plough his land, who never came to sow;
I saw a student, filled with truth, to practise never go;
In land or mind I never saw the ripened harvest grow.

LXXV.

WHAT THE WORLDLY-WISE ARE FOR.

WOULDST learn to make of leathern skins
Good clothes that men may wear them,
Take not as teacher Master Wolf,
His business is to tear them.
And wouldst thou, brother, help thy race
To grow in truth and joy,
Avoid the worldly-wise, who love
To rend and to destroy.

LXXVI.

WARNING TO OFFICE-SEEKERS.

A GEM which falls within the mire will still a gem remain;
Men's eyes turn downward to the earth, and search for it with pain.
But *dust*, though whirled aloft to heaven, continues dust alway, —
More base and noxious in the air than when on earth it lay.

LXXVII.

HOW TO GET RID OF BORES.

A SCHOLAR sought his teacher, — "What shall I do?" said he,
"With these unasked-for visitors, who steal my time from me?"
The learned master answered: "Lend money to the poor,
And borrow money of the rich, — they 'll trouble you no more."
When Islam's army marches, send a beggar in the van,
And the frightened hosts of Infidels will run to Hindostan.

LXXVIII.

"CELA DEPEND."

A TYRANT asked a Dervish, "Tell me, pray,
Ought I to rise for prayers at break of day?"
"For you to sleep till noon," said he, "were best;
Then for six hours, at least, mankind would rest."

LXXIX.

UNSUITABLE BOUNTY.

THE Sultan in his fever cried, "If Allah lets me live,
In gratitude, to holy men a purse of gold I 'll give."
So said, so done. He soon grew well and sent his servant out,
A hundred Dirams in his purse, to hunt their saintships out.
The servant, wise beyond his years, returned at evening late;
He kissed the purse and laid it down, and said, "From gate to gate
I searched all day, nor in the town a holy man could find."
"Why! what a story!" said the King. "Already in my mind
I can recall a hundred who live not far from us."
"O mighty lord!" the youth replied, "thy servant argued thus;
That holy men would never take my money, and again
That those who took my money could not be holy men."
The Sultan smiled, and, pondering, said: "The saucy fellow 's right.
A bag of gold is not the thing to give an anchorite!"

LXXX.

MAN THE INSTRUMENT OF GOD'S WILL.

GOD gives to man the power to strike or miss you;
It was not thy foe who did the thing.
The arrow from the bow may seem to issue,
But we know an archer drew the string.

LXXXI.

RESULTS OF A BAD REPUTATION.

ONCE I saw a fox, in terror, running hastily away.
"Whence," said I, "good Master Reynard, this precipitate dismay?"
"Stop me not! I heard the master give command to kill an ox."
"Well, and what is that to you, sir? What's a bullock to a fox?"
"Ah!" said he, "my foes are many; and if one should say, 'See there!
That's an ox!' the rest would kill me. For the error who would care?
Malice rides an Arab courser, strikes his blow as sure as fate.
Justice, travelling in his carriage, mostly comes an hour too late."

LXXXII.

JUDGE NOT.

IN my youth, as I remember, I was scrupulous and careful;
Every sacred rite performing; fasting, watching, anxious, prayerful.
So one night, the whilst my father (Allah bless him!) watch was keeping,
On the floor and on the divans travellers around were sleeping.
I nor closed my eyes nor nodded, but beside the glimmering taper
Held the precious Koran open, fixed my eyes upon the paper.
Still they slept; till, over-zealous, thus I uttered my objections:
"See, my father, no one rises to perform his genuflections;
Not a man goes through his ritual, not a man his prayer has said;
Prone upon the floor extended, you might think they all were dead."
"Emanation of your father," said the good man, "cease your railings;
Better sleep yourself than waken to calumniate human failings."

LXXXIII.

GENEROSITY.

ONCE to a hermit's cell there came a thief,
But from its empty walls he turned in grief.
The hermit, sad that *he* went sad away,
Tossed him the sleeping-rug on which he lay.
Thus, even in the battle's heat and strain
The hero spares his foe superfluous pain.

LXXXIV.

SELF-SATISFACTION.

ONCE I heard a Jew and Moslem arguing with "Yes!" and "No!"
"May I," yells the child of Moses, "trust in Islam if it 's so."
"If it is not," screams the other, "I will turn a Jew to-night."
Then I thought, "How every nation takes for granted it is right!
Should the Lord destroy all knowledge in each people creed, and school,
Not a man in this dilemma e'er would own himself a fool!"

LXXXV.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

TO a darning-needle once exclaimed the kitchen sieve,
"You 've a hole right through your body, and I wonder how you live!"
But the needle (who was sharp) replied, "I too have wondered
That you notice my *one* hole when in you there are a hundred."

LXXXVI.

LOST ILLUSIONS.

SHE sat enveloped in her veil. I thought she must be fair and young;
I judged *him* one of mighty parts, he spoke with such a fluent tongue.
But when the veil was taken off, a good old grandmother was seen;
And when the talker went to work, his qualities were poor and mean.

LXXXVII.

"FACTA, NON VERBA."

PRAISE not thy work, but let thy work praise thee;
For deeds, not words, make each man's memory stable.
If what thou dost is good, its good all men will see.
Musk by its smell is known, not by its label.

LXXXVIII.

PEDANTRY.

A HOLLOW shell and solemn words do not below the surface reach;
There is no meat within that nut, nor any soul within that speech.

LXXXIX.

BEGINNING AND END.

WATCH well two points in life, I heard a wise man say, —
The beginning of each labor, and the end of every play.

XC.

GRASS AND ROSES.

I LOOKED where the roses were blooming,
They stood among grasses and weeds;
I said, "Where such beauties are growing,
Why suffer these paltry weeds?"

Weeping, the poor things faltered:
"We have neither beauty nor bloom,
We are grass in the roses' garden,
But the *Master* gives us room.

"Slaves of a generous Master,
Born from a world above,
We came to this place in his wisdom,
We stay to this hour from his love.

"We have fed his humblest creatures,
We have served him truly and long;
He gave no grace to our features,
We have neither color nor song.

"Yet He who has made the flowers
Placed *us* on the self-same sod;
He knows our reason for being, —
We are grass in the garden of God."

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